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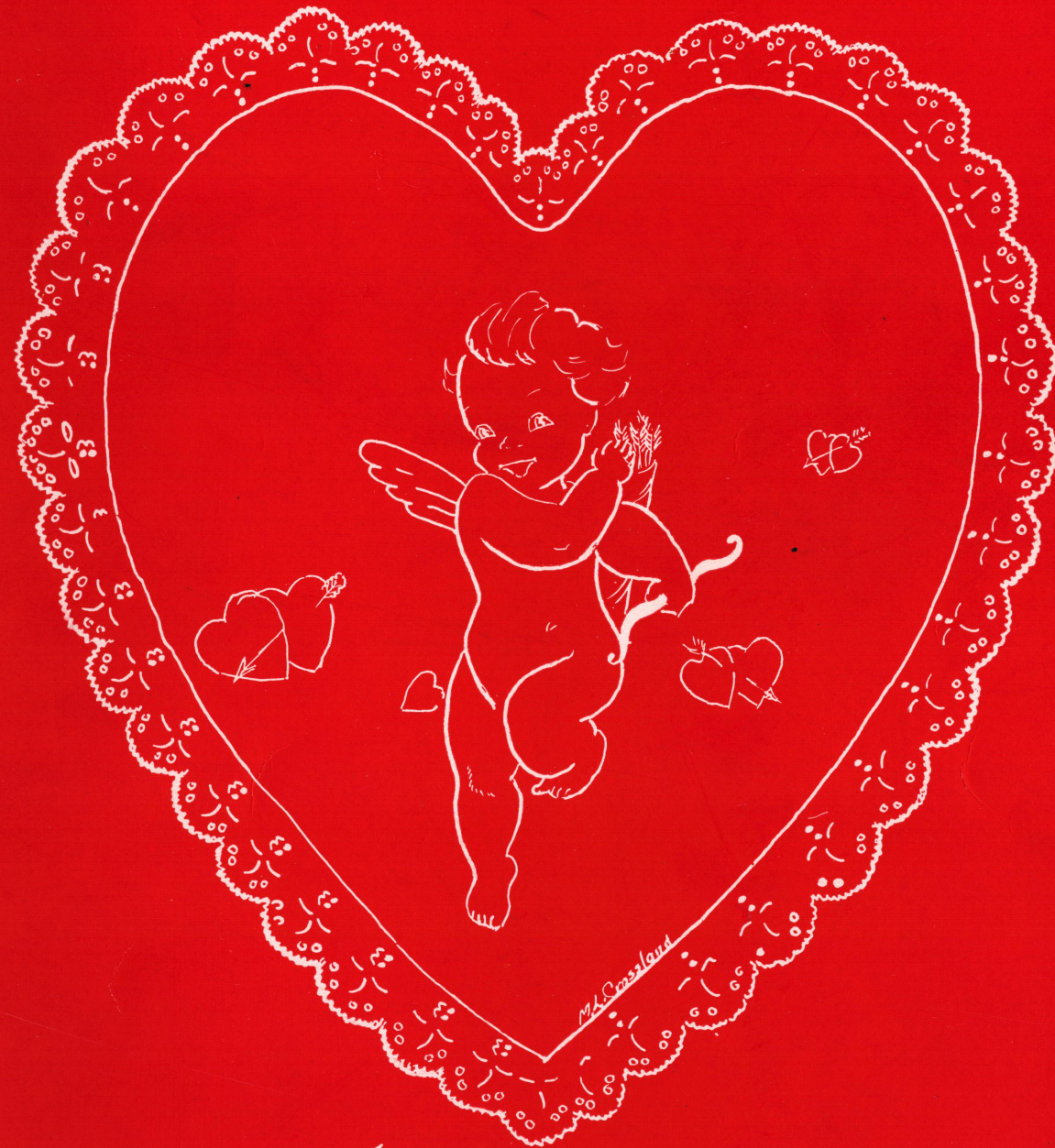
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The Student's Pen



February 1949

The Student's Pen

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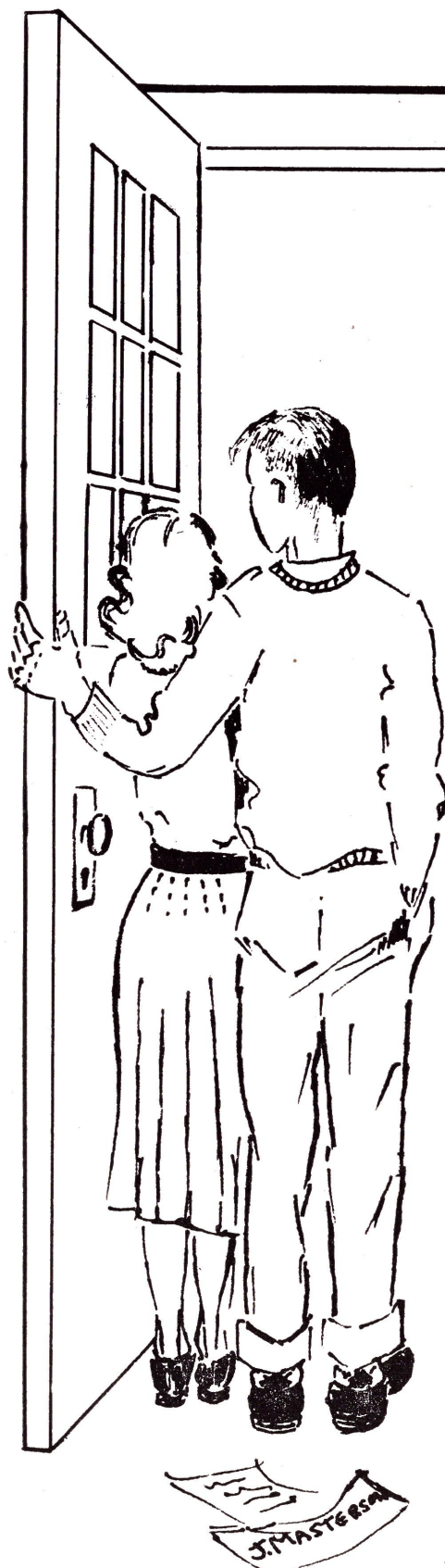


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From the EDITOR'S DESK



Is Our Show Slipping?

By Mary Bonneville

OH! Are our faces red! And what could make a face more red than an embarrassing question? Well, here's a query just to find out—not only a question but an accusation: How are our manners at P. H. S.? (What are those things? Oh, you know. Manners, contrary to popular belief, are not nasty devices created to complicate social life, but merely behavior which makes those around us happy and comfortable. In other words, visible thoughtfulness.) Let's take a look around to see if we ever fall short of "minding our manners."

Since we spend a good deal of our time at school, shouldn't we make our life here as pleasant as possible? We should blush if we are ever guilty of throwing half a lunch into a study hall desk. No one ever said it was enjoyable to find a rotten apple in his desk! Other people don't like to feel our chewed gum stuck under stair rails. We owe a little more to those with whom we associate!

Don't forget that negligent manners always come home to roost! Will guests care to speak in our auditorium when we seem unable to show them the respect they deserve? It's no easy task to put something across to an audience of teen-agers when some are reading

or doing last night's homework, and others are discussing the latest gossip. Sooner or later either the speakers will refuse to come, or our embarrassed faculty will demand that the privilege of assemblies be taken away from us.

After all, what is the point of such rudeness and disrespect toward others? Our reputation depends upon the judgment of those around us. No one but our student body stands to suffer when our actions are criticised.

Why, then, are we ever guilty of a slip? Can it be that we don't know what correct behavior is? Most of our actions prove this isn't so! Probably any lack of manners is due to our inability to see the effect of our behavior on others.

No, having manners doesn't involve knowing Emily Post's book by heart, but we must, without excuses, wake up and realize that in the past, our behavior has not always been conducive to the greatest comfort of others or the most benefit to ourselves. Let's think this situation over and see if we can improve our manners a bit. At the moment our show is slipping!

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

By Joan Bates

Yes, you're absolutely right. This is an article devoted to safety—safety as it concerns you. Before you decide not to read any further, stop and think a minute. Safety is an important topic. Safety is your business.

The bell rings and the corridors are filled with students hurrying from class to class. This is a time for safety precaution. Refrain from running in the halls and up and down stairs. Watch where you are going. Take your time and keep to your own side of the corridor. Go around the traffic officers, not through them. Use special care on the stairs. A push or shove here, and what happens? You could be maimed for life through a fall on the stairs.

The girls are forever catching their heels on the stairs, and the boys stumble over their untied shoe-laces. This carelessness often means injury, suffering, absence from school, and doctor's bills.

It is worthwhile to be careful. It is not fair to yourself to go against safety rules. Outside of school you must always be on the alert. When you are dismissed, don't go rushing across the street, heedless of oncoming vehicles. Wait for directions from the policeman who is there for your protection. Do not cross except at marked crossings. There is nothing more dangerous than jay-walking and going against red lights. Never step out from in front of a parked car or cross an intersection diagonally. It can result in fatal injury to you. While you are in a hurry, speed may prove to be your downfall.

Always be considerate of the other pedestrians and drivers. Never try to get ahead of the other person. It may prove fatal. Play it safe always. Stop . . . look . . . listen!

REMEMBER

The life you save may be your own.

In Memoriam

By Patricia Adams

The good Lord gave her happiness,
A brimming-over joy,
A love for being friendly
To every girl and boy.

To us who knew and loved her
She'll be a memory fair—
Her laughing face, and sparkling eyes
Her merry, roguish air.

She was surrounded by a sweetness
That made her loved and known,
A tomboy in a funny way
That she could call her own.

Her life was short, but happy
With memories close and dear;
She journeyed through those eighteen years
Without a care or fear.

Now she's journeyed onward
To a new land far above,
And now she's free to laugh and sing
And know a greater love.

Her boat has slipped away from shore
And life's eternal joy
But anchored fast by Memory's chain
To us—is Lydia McCoy.

(This poem is a tribute to Lydia McCoy, who for two years was a member of the Class of 1949. Her tragic death in Florida last December was a source of sorrow to her many friends at Pittsfield High School.)

Winter Woes

By Dolores Bernardo



OH, Mother, do I have to wear my rubbers to school today? The snow's not half so deep as it was yesterday, honest!"

Does this refrain sound very familiar to you? It should, for this is just one of the many "winter woes" that all high school students must endure. From the time when you get up in the morning until you leave for school, Mother hovers about and asks, "Do you have your sweater on? Where's your scarf? Don't forget to wear the mittens Aunt Emily gave you, or she'll feel hurt; and why don't you wear your ski pants to school as your sisters do?"

Oh me, oh my, how you wish it were summer again!

After having quite a bit of trouble climbing the icy hill, you finally see the high school come into view. With aching arms loaded down with books from last night's homework, you wearily trudge up the sanded steps

only to be hit in the head by a snowball, and some prankster laughs with glee as your books and papers scatter all over the ground. Worst of all, the English paper which you so painstakingly copied from Mary is a hopeless smear of blue ink. "Serves me right," you murmur; "next time I'll do my own work." Finally some kind-hearted individual comes along and helps you to rearrange yourself and your possessions, and you drag yourself up to your locker, which is conveniently located on the third floor! You count the steps as you go up, and there are an even forty! Oh, your aching legs! !

Now that you've reached your locker, the next step is to disengage yourself from all this extra clothing. Mittens, kerchief, scarf, coat, extra sweater, rubbers and a pair of Dad's woolen socks, off they come, one by one. Finally you're all set. You grab your books, dash wildly down the hall and down three flights of stairs, and step into your homeroom just as the last bell rings! !

"Well, winter will be over soon," you sigh to yourself. To be sure, the radio said, "Five inches of snow is expected to fall tonight;" but that's better than the usual foot or two. So you smile your best smile at the snowflakes floating lazily downward, for spring is just one month away!

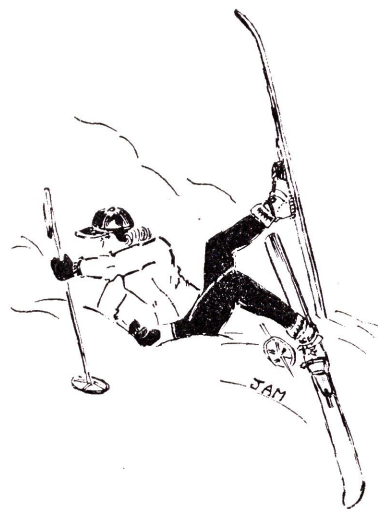
GENTLE WEAPON

By Mary Bonneville

A little dart, a bright red heart,
A line of tender verse in rhyme,
A bit of lace, and Cupid's face
I send to win my Valentine.

Who's Afraid?

By Diana Fink



A FRAID? Not me! But no, no, absolutely no! I don't care how healthful and wonderful it is, I won't go skiing! There's more health and less danger right here by my little old fireplace. You won't catch me stumbling down an icy slope on a pair of slippery boards! I'm not that crazy!"

It was obvious that Jane was adamant. Something had to be done, and quickly, if the gang was to save her from that dull future that is the lot of all non-skiers. Marilyn decided to use reverse psychology.

"Okay, so you don't go! We don't really care anyway. You're the one who's going to miss the fun. Besides, skiing is hard. It takes skill and nerve. You'd probably turn chicken, or break a leg, or something. I guess we don't need you along to spoil our fun!"

"That's just what I've been telling you for the past hour!"

The reverse psychology had been reversed.

Marilyn rubbed her forehead, a mannerism which showed that she was thinking hard.

"Janie! Don't I look healthy and happy? (Nod of assent from Janie.) Do you think I got this from sitting by a glowing fire? No sireee! When winter comes, I'm a re-invigorated woman, and do you know why?"

"Vitamin pills? Woolen underwear?"

"Stop clowning. I'm serious. When the snow piles up, I thrill to the sight of an open slope and a pair of hickories—and so will you."

("Not while I'm alive," thought Janie, "and I intend to stay that way.")

"To me there's nothing more exciting than schussing down a terrain with the wind whipping in my face."

("That," surmised Janie, "is one way to get to the bottom of a hill, if not the safest.")

"And guess what—Joe Evens will be there!"

Jane shot out of her seat. "Why didn't you say so before? I mean, uh—ski? Why I couldn't think of anything I'd rather do. Honestly! May I borrow your sister's skis? I'll be very careful of them—and, and—I'll bet I can get Joe to teach me how to ski! Wait, I'll be right down."

She bounded up the stairs to pull her carefully packed ski suit out of the moth balls.

"Whom does she think she's fooling?" Marilyn winked and smiled warmly to herself.

It was a perfect day for skiing. The sun glowed brilliantly, but it was not warm enough to melt the thick covering of soft snow. The exciting panorama of the trails and slopes was enough to thrill the heart of the most disinterested spectator, enough to warm the heart of the coldest skier.

Crash! Bang!

"OW! Those darn skis! Why do they have to be so obstinate? No matter which way one ski goes, the other always has to take the opposite direction. Don't they like each other?"

It was obvious that Jane was having a hard time. As she bent to pick up the tangle of skis and poles which had dropped from her hands, she tripped over the extended boot of a "gentleman" who was vainly trying to stifle his laughter, and landed in a sprawling heap at his feet.

As Marilyn, horror stricken, surveyed Jane's predicament, she felt a surge of panic.

"What have I done? Jane's so clumsy she'll probably break a leg before she reaches the slope, and it will be all my fault! Oh, why did I persuade her to come without first giving her a lesson? Now she'll be discouraged for life!"

Meanwhile, with the help of Joe, Janie, with a firm grip on both poles, was pushing her way across the snow to the beginning of the tow. Joe could be heard saying as he trailed after her, "One ski at a time, Janie; first the right, then the left. You're getting it . . ."

"He," thought Marilyn, "has the patience of a martyr."

How Janie reached the top of the tow will always be a mystery to the gang, to the horrified people who were "stuck" on the tow as she started to ascend, to the operator of the tow, and to the member of our national ski patrol who stood by so courageously "just in case". After a tremendous struggle she finally reached the summit of the hill unscathed, and, with the exception of the man whom Janie had hit in the stomach while trying to grasp the rope, and the woman whose eye she had nearly put out when she turned around to apologize profusely to the man, the whole company breathed a prayer of thanks for their safe deliverance.

Joe had volunteered to ski with Janie on

the beginners' slope ("Which would be considered a very brave act if I didn't happen to know that he likes her," quipped Marilyn. "Good luck to him.")

"Okay, Jane. Point your skis down the hill. NO! Don't take them off! You can turn around with your skis on. That's it! Now, put your poles in the snow in front of you. Good! When I say 'Go' push back on your poles, relax, and just fly down that hill. Already? Go!"

* * * * *

The East slope was difficult to maneuver—definitely not meant for beginners; however, Marilyn was no novice. She had been skiing for years and took the treacherous turns and bumps at break-neck pace.

But today she did not even feel the sharp bite of the wind as it lashed against her face; she did not hear the voices of the others around her or pulsate to the speed and freedom as the snow flew beneath her feet. She was too engrossed in thought.

"I wonder how Janie is making out. Poor kid! I should have known that skiing was not for her. She hasn't the coordination or the ability. When Joe sees how clumsy she really is, I'll bet he never looks at her again. Poor, poor Janie—and it's all my fault. She might really get hurt, and it was I who persuaded her to come. Oh, what shall I do? What—oh! What's that? A tree! It wasn't there the last time I took this trail! I can't stop! I'm going to hit! HELP! . . ."

Marilyn opened her eyes, and through a misty haze she heard anxious voices. They were talking about her.

"I don't see how she could have missed seeing that tree! It's been there for years and years, and no one has ever hit it before! She must have been blind! I . . ."

"She's okay. She'll be all right—just a nasty bump on the head. Lucky she swerved in time to prevent a head-on collision. Oh, Marilyn! You're awake! How do you feel?"

"Aside from the jet planes buzzing around in my head, I feel fine. What happened to the tree?"

The first aid attendant, a friend of Marilyn's, laughed. "It's still there, no thanks to you. How in the world did you ever miss seeing it?"

"I don't know. I guess I did the wrong thing—didn't keep my mind on what I was doing."

"And you call yourself a skier! It's a good idea, young lady, to watch where you're going when you're traveling at fifty miles an hour! Look—you stay here and rest awhile. I'll go out and tell the kids you're all right and tell them to come back for you in half an hour. Okay?"

Marilyn smiled and laid her head back on the pillow. It was so comfortable. Suddenly she started! Janie! What would happen when Janie found out about the accident? Was she making herself ridiculous? The questions turned themselves over in Marilyn's mind. Suddenly the door flew open, and the first aid attendant walked in, leading a man who was nursing a badly swollen ankle. Marilyn looked at him.

"What happened?"

The man smiled ironically. "Some girl tripped over me and I flew right into a heap of bushes—my ski wouldn't bend, so my foot had to—and on the beginners' slope, too. Boy! That girl is certainly making a mess of the place! Everyone is steering clear of her!"

Just as the unfortunate skier made himself comfortable on one of the cots, the door again opened and a patrol member entered, assisting a woman who had one of the blackest black eyes Marilyn had ever seen. The woman turned to the fellow with the swollen ankle and shook her head in despair.

"That lunatic skier again! Here I am, sailing down the slope, minding my own business, when I hear from somewhere, close behind me, 'Timber! Man overboard! Help! Get out of the way!' and before I can look to

see what all the rumpus is about, some dizzy girl skis right over me. Right over me! That wasn't what hurt, mind you, not that. She stops and turns around to see the damage and pokes me right in the eye with the end of her ski pole. Oh, my eye!"

Janie!!!! Calamity Janie! Marilyn groaned in anguish. What had she done to deserve this? Before she could ponder further the door opened a third time, admitting none other than the by-now-notorious Janie herself. Her ruddy face held a mixture of angelic innocence and genuine concern. A freezing silence gripped the corner occupied by the two unfortunate victims as Janie approached the cot where Marilyn lay.

"Marilyn! We just heard what happened! How terrible! Are you hurt badly? Can I do something for you?"

Marilyn looked squarely into Janie's eyes. This was the test, the crisis, the place where true friendship counted most. Janie must be made to see that these accidents were just part of the sport—like the fun and the hard work—or else all Marilyn's efforts would be for nothing. Janie must not be allowed to become discouraged and disheartened by the untoward events of the day.

"Janie, darling, before you tell me what I know must be in your mind, let me say a word or two. Please, don't let the events of this first day discourage you. Accidents happen all the time. I know you've had a hard time."

"Hard time! Why, Marilyn, don't be silly. I know you're trying to be brave—trying to show me that you aren't disappointed. You're just unfortunate. You know, I worried about you all day—you looked so depressed when I left you this morning. But we're coming again next week, and Joe is going to teach me how to christy. Marilyn, when you're better, I'll even show you the new turn I invented today!"

Marilyn laid her head back on the pillow and quietly fainted.

Skiing

By Albert Krieger

YOU wake up one winter morning and see the snow glistening in the early sunshine. "What a day for skiing," you say, but then add, "but it's a bit too cold for me. It's almost zero out." However, the desire to go skiing soon gets the better of you, and before many hours pass, you find yourself perched on top of a nearby ski-slope. The icy wind that slashes at your face is refreshing. You put on your skis and start down, at a crawling pace at first, but as the slope becomes steeper and steeper, you pick up speed rapidly. Soon you are going like a V-2 rocket, and the wind that is beating against your face feels like a tonic. You have to yell "Track" every few seconds, because more than one person is taking advantage of the fine skiing, and you don't want to run into them. You hit a really steep section of the mountain, and your heart is in your mouth. Just as you reach a climatic point in your ski-run, your ski strikes a big stone, and you go head over heels into a deep snow bank. You get up, dismayed at first, but soon laugh it off, with a "Gee, that was fun! I think I'll try it again." The thrill of skiing can never be enjoyed better than on a cold, windy day, provided, of course, that it is not too cold for your hands and feet to stand it. But skiing, at any time and in any weather, provides a person with thrills and spills that no other sport offers.



SNOWFALL

By Gloria Most

As winter advances,
And days grow short,
And the azure sky changes
To grey,
The moist air of summer
Grows crisp with the frost,
And the bright leaves of fall
Fade away.

Then, from out of the heavens,
A magic appears
And descends upon earth
Like a veil.
Light flakes of crystal
Like miniature stars
Float down in the wake
Of a gale.

With the brilliance of diamonds,
They swirl in a mist
O'er the countryside, north, east,
And west;
As winter's deep lethargy
Steals o'er the land,
And earth has its season
Of rest.

Before The Footlights

By James Edmonds

IT was eight o'clock. Anxiously, I peeked out on the stage. All the seats were not taken. Time passed slowly. At 8.15 the lights were dimmed, and after getting last minute instructions from Mr. Bullock, my music teacher, I walked out on the stage. I acknowledged the applause of the audience and then sat down. This was how my first concert started on December 5, 1945. As I sat in the chair, thoughts raced through my head. I had always dreamed of the day I would be on the stage at the Berkshire Museum and here I was. To me this concert stands as a memorable incident in my life.

Last month this incident was repeated. Anxiously, I waited behind the curtain as the seats were filled. I paced nervously back and forth. I wished that the concert were over or that something might happen to the building. This was stage fright.

At 8.15 Mr. Bullock gave me instructions and then went to his seat in the second row. Now my nervousness reached its height. This was the first time Mr. Bullock had sat in the audience while I was playing. Other times, he had been backstage, and his presence had given me added confidence. Suddenly the lights were dimmed. It was time for the concert to begin.

With the encouragement of the other performers, I walked out on the stage. I was not prepared for the shock I received. First, I had been told that there would be a few bouquets of flowers on the stage. To my surprise there were two huge bouquets of white chrysanthemums against a background of palms. Secondly, I did not expect to see so many people. The auditorium was thronged. This was my moment! While I was playing, it seemed to me that I was in a world all by myself. With the applause that greeted the opening number, I lost some of my nervous-

ness, and from then on, I played with genuine enjoyment. Now that I was well started, the time passed very quickly. But I was overjoyed when I reached the last note of the closing number. The enthusiastic applause of the audience brought me back to reality. Thoughts of not having done my English homework raced through my head. I was now my usual self.

About a half hour after the concert, as I was leaving the auditorium, I looked back at the stage. I have never felt so happy as I did then. Another page in the book of my life was closed, but it would be a page to which I could turn often and one which I would always remember.

ISOLATION

By M. Bonneville

How lonely now and sad! The night
Is still as I walk through the storm—
Alone as flakes fall thick and fast.
Above they dance—their countless throng
Almost a wall to shut one in
A lonely world without a sound.

The thump of feet upon the walk
Is dull and distant—every light
That glows, withdrawn behind a veil
Of whirling flakes. No star can shine
To be my friend and comrade. Now
Indeed am I a soul alone.



By Helen Giftos

Two P. H. S. graduates at the University of Massachusetts were included in the 1948-49 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." Mildred Kinghorn and Paul Perry were selected for demonstrating outstanding qualities of leadership. Mildred is a senior, and Paul a junior, both majoring in the School of Liberal Arts.

Mary Granfield, '48, is a freshman at the University of Massachusetts. She has been recently elected secretary of the Class of 1952.

Janet Ellis, '48, is a freshman at Dean Junior College, Franklin, Massachusetts.

Norman Najimy, '47, now in his sophomore year at Worcester State Teachers' College, was recently elected vice-president of the Dramatics Club.

Marion Bruni, '46, a sophomore at Boston University, is doing well in her field of Liberal Arts.

Gertrude Giese, '46, and her sister Alice are both students at Skidmore College. Gertrude was the editor of poems and essays of THE PEN in '46.

Maryann Pupo, '46, is a student at Bay Path Secretarial School. Also attending Bay Path is Mary C. Kelley.

Two class officers of '48 are now working in England Brothers—"Ginny" Ditmar, girl vice-president and Jeanne Lowery, secretary.

Joyce Wood and Lois Moulen, also of '48, are attending Berkshire Business College. They are BC class officers—president and secretary respectively.

Nancy Alwood and Myrtle Youngs, '48, are attending Green Mountain Junior College, Poultney, Vermont.

Charles Huddleston, '47, is a freshman at Springfield College where he is on the swimming team, specializing in diving.

In the armed forces, P. H. S. is well represented.

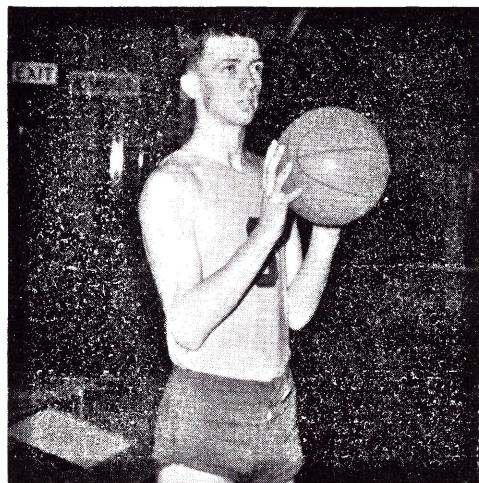
Navy—"Ted" Sisson, '48 and Bill Brousseau, '48; Army Air Forces—Jerry Weinstien, '48, "Rit" Arpante, '48, Jack Fitch, '47, all at Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Texas; Marines—Pete Caden, '47, former first baseman for Pittsfield High; Joe Ditello, '47.

William Troy, president of the Class of 1945, is a junior at the University of Massachusetts. Bill was recently listed in the College Who's Who.

Anthony Ranti, '47 is a freshman at Worcester Polytechnic Institute where he is studying civil engineering. Good Luck, Tony!

"Chuck" Milne, '47, is a freshman at the University of Massachusetts. Chuck was scholastically outstanding at P. H. S.

WHO'S WHO



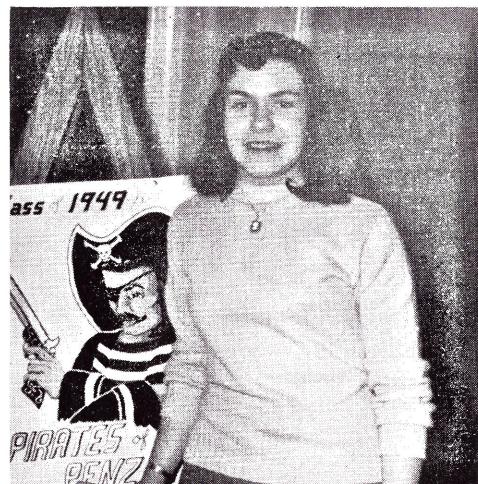
"ITCH"

Some call him "Itch" and some call him "Smiley", but whatever the choice, he's still Edward McMahon, the very capable and brilliant center of our basketball team. We've all seen him show his prowess on the court, but Itch is just as adept on the baseball diamond and is captain of the 1949 team. Itch's favorite subject is typing; his favorite song, "A Little 'Betty' Told Me"; his favorite sport, baseball!

As for the future, "Itch" hopes to be a major league player; and if the scouts are on their toes, he'll realize this ambition. He's one player that shouldn't be missed. The best of luck to you, Ed, and we'll be seeing you in the World's Series!

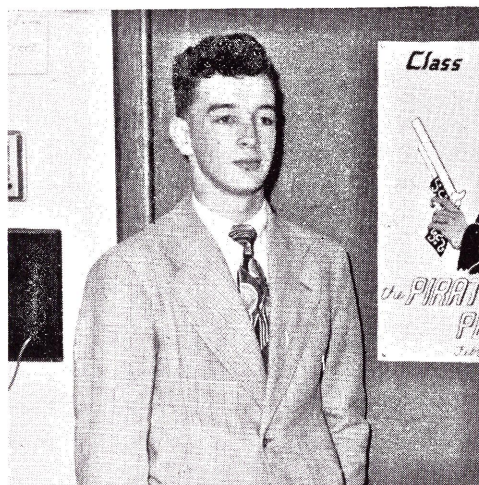
JOAN BATES

This pert senior is Joan Bates, a very talented young lady. Musically inclined, Joan has the lead in the operetta and is a member of the Girls' Glee Club. She plays the piano (that's her favorite pastime) and when she's not playing, she's writing those interesting short stories we have all read in *THE PEN*. Besides these activities, Joan is also a member of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y. Hearing the alarm clock go off is her pet peeve. Her list of favorites includes lemon meringue pie, English, Mr. Innis, and "It's Magic."



"BOOGER"

Introducing James McGill, who is known to all his friends as "Booger". Jim is co-editor of the humor column of *THE PEN*, chairman of the Class Will committee for the year book, a member of the cast of the operetta, a member of the Boys' Glee Club, and the Radio Club. In his spare time, he likes to play basketball and eat a "Moron's Delight" for a refresher. After graduating, Jim hopes to go to college to study electrical engineering.

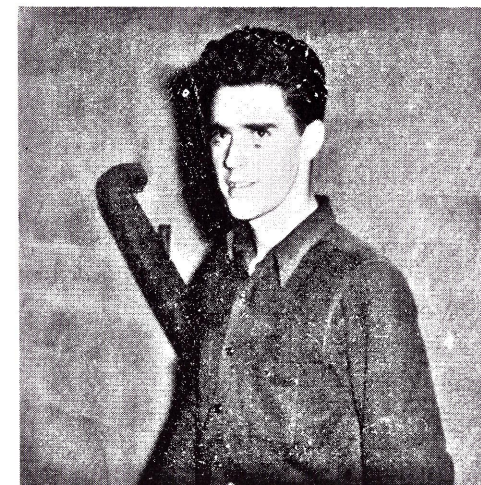


February, 1949

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"ICE KING"

When it's winter, you'll see him flashing his blades around the Common, for the captain of our hockey team, Al Perry, believes that practice makes perfect. Hockey is tops on Al's list of sports, though football rates a very close second. Al is a genial fellow except when he's waking up in the morning. Alarm clocks are his pet peeve. Once thoroughly awake, he believes that there is no better way to start the day than by eating a brownie for breakfast. Being an easy fellow to please, Al asks nothing more than to graduate this year. (Teacher, please take note!) Good luck, Al!



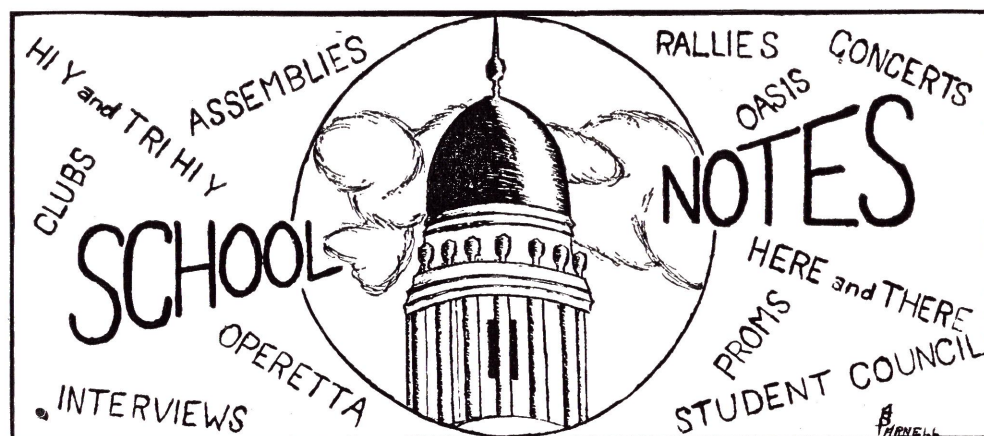
"BUDINKI"

A strike! Familiar words, these, to anyone who bowls with this energetic senior, Betty Bianchi. ("Budinki" to her friends!) Betty's favorite sport is bowling. She captained the winning team in school for two years. Betty also plays softball and serves as warden of Delta Tri-Hi-Y. Her favorite dish is spaghetti and meat-balls and her favorite expression, "Love it." (Love what?) Betty's favorite spot in town is the Pastime Bowling Alleys, and after graduation this would be the most likely place to find her because she expects to do her dad's bookkeeping.

"KNOBBY"

Everyone recognizes this smile as belonging to Nancy Knoblock, a very active senior. "Knobby" (as she is more commonly known) is in the operetta orchestra, co-chairman of the Senior Prom, on the Oasis committee, and goes out for all sports, swimming being her favorite pastime. She is also a member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. "Knobby's" list of favorites include "Lavender Blue", history and Miss Kaliher, and chicken prepared for her by dad. Her only pet peeve is a faucet that drips! As for the future, "Knobby" wants to learn to resist that second helping!!





Ella Diczno, Editor

Charles Barris, Delores Bernardo, Irma Bosma, John Coughlin, Jacquelyn Ferguson, June Gaviorno, Diamond Gregory, Clair Hurley, Jean Krook, Helen Maniatis, Miriam Najimy, Elaine Paduano, Faith Whiting, Kris Ginthwain

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Excitement prevailed throughout the nights of February 11 and 12 as the Class of 1949 presented the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Pirates of Penzance". In the music room, the customary din of instruments being tuned could be heard; in the dressing rooms, the cast and chorus were being groomed for their parts; at the door, ushers and doormen, resplendent in their tuxedos, and usherettes, lovely in their gowns, met the large crowds of opera-goers. At 8.15 on the dot, the curtain went up!

Joan Bates as Mabel and Robert Perkins as Frederic amply portrayed their romantic leads and thrilled the audience with their duets. Abe Alpern as the pirate king and James McGill as Samuel were the fierce and hardy pirates, and their performance was well received. Pomeroy Power as the Sergeant of Police opposed the band of cut-throats. Howard Nonken was the comical Major Stanley, while Beverly Gallagher as Edith and June Wooliver as Kate portrayed his lovely daughters. Mary Delaney displayed exceptional dramatic ability in her portrayal of Ruth, the piratical maid of all work. Last but not least, the chorus was especially good.

Credit should be given to Mr. F. Carl Gorman, who worked with untiring efforts to make this presentation of the "Pirates of

Penzance" the best ever. It is because of Mr. Gorman's able directing that the production was so well received.

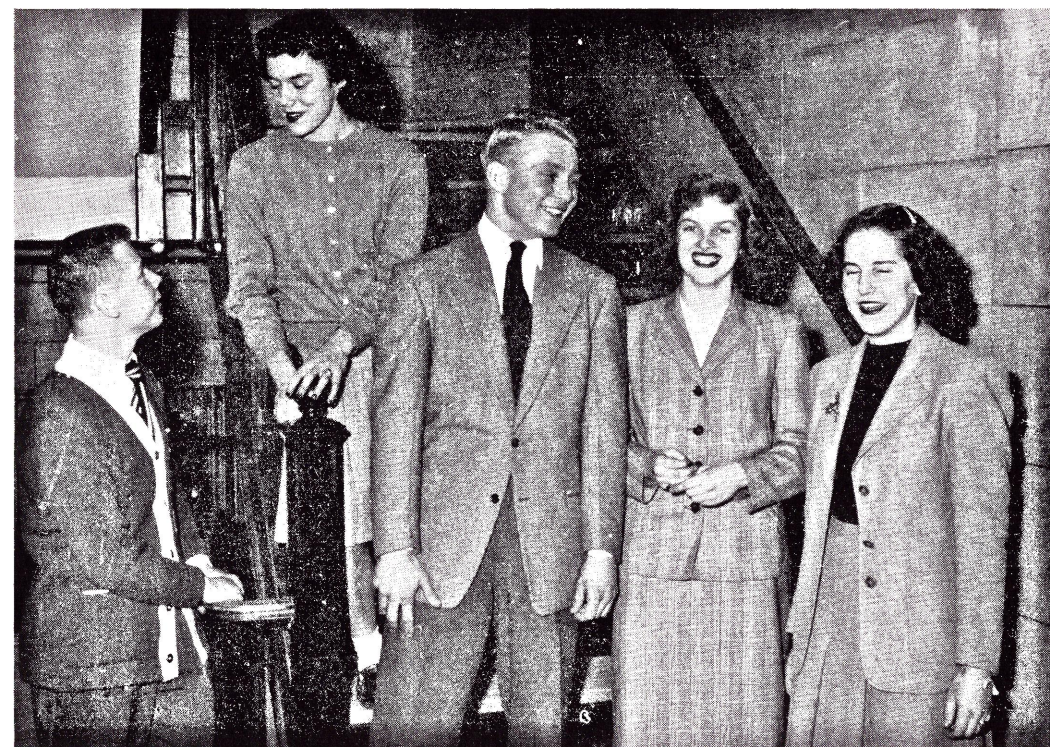
The Senior Class wishes to thank all who in any way helped to make this production such a tremendous success.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Helen Wood and Verne Goodwin, who were co-chairmen of the operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance", had as their committee chairmen the following seniors: Rosemary Goerlach and Joseph Principe, publicity; Joan Sullivan and Paul Bousquet, tickets; Theodore Diamond and Ralph LaBarge, stage-men; Anne Bossidy and Carolyn Coughlin, ushers; Joy Wertman and Elmo Fresia, programs; Roger Bowlby, doormen; Joan Eagan and Mary Bonneville, costumes.

At a meeting of the Senior Class Council, chairmen were selected to head the various commencement activities in June. Anne Bossidy and David Powell were named Class Day co-chairmen. Other chairmen are Howard Nonken and Katherine Nicola, class banquet; Noel Painchaud and Nancy Knoblock, senior prom.

Orders have been taken for the yearbooks with a deposit of two dollars required. Robert Southworth, who is the Business Editor of the yearbook, says that there has been a very good advance sale.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: James Mazzer, Boy Vice-President; Diane Shuster, Girl Vice-President; John Hart, President; Ann Evans, Secretary; Marcia Viale, Treasurer.

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The first meeting of the Junior Class was held in the auditorium early in November. The candidates for class offices were given a few words of encouragement by Principal Roy M. Strout, who then introduced the class adviser, Mr. James Conroy.

During the days before class elections, the juniors staged one of the most interesting and colorful campaigns P. H. S. has ever known. The candidates handed out pictures, bangles, carnations, and other campaign publicity with slogans written on them. Some even wore grotesque bow ties to try to win a few votes. All in all, it was an event to remember.

In the final elections, John Hart won the presidency over Richard Valenti. James Mazzer defeated Walter Weeks for the office of vice-president, while Diane Shuster won over Marion Felton for the girl's vice-presidency. Ann Evans defeated Dolores Bernardo to become secretary, and Marcia Viale won over Edith Butler for the treasurer's office.

Due to the fine group of students that the juniors had to select from, the elections were very close.

We wish a most successful year to John Hart, president; James Mazzer, boy vice-president; Diane Shuster, girl vice-president; Ann Evans, secretary; Marcia Viale, treasurer; and the Junior Class.

JUNIOR RING COMMITTEE

The Junior Class ring committee has selected ring samples from the Dieges and Clust firm of Boston, and a meeting will be held shortly to make the final choice of the class ring. Richard Valenti and Joan Rosa are co-chairmen of the committee, the members of which are as follows: Rosemary Monterosso, Dolores Bernardo, Marilyn Williams, Gordon Swirsky, Walter Weeks, and Joseph Zavattaro.

The meeting of the committee was held under the supervision of James A. Conroy, class adviser.



BUNDLE DAY

The above picture well depicts the response of P. H. S. students in answering the call for clothing and shoes for the needy children of Europe. On December 17, the students, weighed down with cumbersome bundles of infants', children's, and adults' clothing heartily responded to the Bundle Day drive, which was sponsored by the Pittsfield Teachers' Association. These bags of clothing are only a few of the hundreds of pounds which were contributed. The "Save the Children Federation", which has branches both in Europe and in the United States, provided the bags, shipping tags, and paid the freight charges. The committee expected to fill only two hundred bags, but an entire freight car was needed to ship all the contributions.

Miss Margaret Conlon of the faculty is the chairman of the P. H. S. CARE Committee which supervised the drive at the high school.

CARE PROGRAM REPORT

Thus far, this year has proven to be a promising one for the CARE Project Committee. Much of the fine work that is being done should be credited to Miss Margaret M. Conlon, chairman of the committee, and her assistants, the Misses Elizabeth M. Enright, Mad-

eline E. Pfeiffer, Helen Millet, Rosemary Haylon, Nellie J. Parker, Marion Willis, Katherine McCormick, Rachel Morse, and Messrs. Jesse Haffly, James Conroy, and Willard Maloney, all of the faculty.

The students, representing the pupils of each class, are Anne Bossidy, seniors; Diane Shuster, juniors; and Charles Walters, sophomores.

To date, the teachers have given one hundred and twenty-three dollars, and have sent packages to Poland, England, Italy, Hungary, and France. They have also sent money to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia.

The students have contributed two hundred and ten dollars and sixty-six cents. They have sent packages to Germany, France, Poland, Hungary, Italy and England.

One can be sure that the recipients of these packages are very grateful to all who contributed in any way in making them possible. Keep up the good work and stay behind Care.

STUDENT COUNCIL NEWS

Have you seen them? Why of course we mean the new Student Council pins! The pins are really beautiful. The Council decided to get them at a meeting held on December 3. They also discussed having book covers designed with special P. H. S. pictures on them. They could come to no agreement on this project at the meeting and it was decided to discuss it at a later date.

Charles Walters was elected to represent the sophomores as a member of the Care Committee. Two other Council members are on the committee—Anne Bossidy, senior, and Diane Shuster, junior.

On December 15, a joint meeting of the Council and the House of Representatives was held in the auditorium to discuss the idea of ordering the special book covers. They voted to buy them and decided on the amount to be ordered and the way in which they would be sold. Home Room Representatives will sell them in their respective home rooms.



MISS FRANCES W. MURPHY

MEET THE FACULTY

Here is a teacher whom we cannot overlook in introducing the faculty. Students, meet Miss Frances W. Murphy. Miss Murphy, whose alma mater is Pittsfield High School, received her bachelor of arts degree at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. Before coming to P. H. S., where she teaches English, Miss Murphy taught Latin in Pomeroy and Tucker Junior High Schools. After graduating from college, she was assistant secretary in girls' work at the Y. W. C. A. in Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Murphy likes to read and to go to concerts. Her one ambition is to have enough money to buy a house on Nantucket Island and settle down. In giving her opinion of school teaching, Miss Murphy says, "One of the compensating features of teaching school is the daily contact with the students, whom I really enjoy."

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club, which meets every Monday night at the high school, is rapidly becoming one of the most interesting clubs in our extra-curricular activities. All members of the club learn to print, develop, and enlarge their own pictures. They are also taught special techniques in the art of taking pictures. Mr. James Conroy is their instructor.

Earlier in the year, the club officers were elected. Albert Sugden was elected president; Richard Gilson, vice president; Lucie Brower, secretary; and Jerry Martin, treasurer.

On January 16, a very successful field trip was made to Great Barrington. Pictures of out of door scenes were taken and later developed at the high school.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

During the meeting of January 7 the Motion Picture Club was addressed by two former members, Donald Morey and William Zalenski. Both are discharged servicemen who have just returned from Europe. Donald Morey, a former president of the club, spoke about movies in France and Germany. He stated that American films were much more popular than European productions as the latter are far below American standards. In large cities like Berlin and Paris some American films have been shown continuously for an entire year. Although some of the American pictures are shown merely with captions explaining the plot, others are remade, with the voice of French or German actors substituted. In France the pictures with English dialogue are very popular because the French people are trying to learn English by going to these movies.

William Zalenski discussed the theaters in Europe. He said that the European theaters are very small even in the large cities. Many times a section of an ordinary office building has been remodeled into a small theater. The members of the club enjoyed these interesting and informative talks.

At the same meeting Lee Diefendorf was chosen chairman of the reporting committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Duane Brown. The ten best pictures of the year as chosen by *The New York Times* and *Time Magazine* were discussed. The club pictures for January were chosen: "The Three Musketeers" and "San Francisco". These pictures will be discussed at the February meetings.

Technical Topics

By Robert Brown

"LET'S LOOK AT TOMORROW"

"Your future will be just what you make it," was the keynote of an address by Dr. Karl B. McEachron to the students of the Pittsfield High Technical Course last December seventeenth. Dr. McEachron, upon request of Dr. Edward Van Deuson, vice principal and head of the technical course, gave an inspiring talk on ways to educate one's self for later life. He related to the students many problems he had encountered during his engineering career at the General Electric Company.

Dr. McEachron was applauded very enthusiastically by both the sophomore and junior technical classes, who hope to have the opportunity of hearing many more such interesting speakers during the year.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC TOUR

A large question mark was in the minds of all the Pittsfield High Technical students as they headed for the General Electric on January thirteenth. They soon realized, however, from the interesting introductory talk of Mr. Beers in the display room, that the General Electric Power Transformer plant is not the mysterious place they had assumed it to be. Mr. Beers, who is Assistant Superintendent of Plant Personnel, also touched on the other divisions of General Electric, including the apprentice department. He introduced, in closing, the six guides who were to conduct the students through the Apparatus Works: John Ellis, Stanley Wilk, David Thomas, E. G. Gruters, Robert E. Patton, and Elmer F. Shaible. Each guide was given a group of about ten boys.

The students were taken first to the transformer's start, the core. After a brief but complete talk on the core, the groups were detailed on the insulation and wiring of a transformer. They moved next to the section for cooling, where the oil-cooling

system, with and without fans, was explained. The tour then headed for the voltage test section. This seemingly confusing operation was clearly explained by the guides. Then the groups headed back through the factory to the Works laboratory, where they were turned over to the staff of Mr. S. E. Q. Ashley, head of the chemical section of the Works lab. Members of Mr. Ashley's staff who served as guides were: William Conover, Stuart Kernaghan, Robert Ralston, John Duntley, Robert Simonoff, and Michael Bolton.

In the lab, the students received short but interesting explanations of the method of calculating the thickness of capacitor paper, which is many times thinner than a hair; spectograph research, which is a new process; glass blowing, the electric charge calculators, the wire coating and insulating process, arc welding, and many other processes important to transformer manufacturing.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

What the teachers think about the students—

We've all heard what the students have to say about the teachers, so now let's hear what they think about us.

MR. INNIS—I think they're very nice.

MISS JORDAN—They're fine—when they are awake!!

MR. MASSIMIANO—I couldn't ask for any better.

MISS KALHER—

In P. H. S. there are girls and boys

Who make an awful lot of noise.

In spite of this, I beg to state

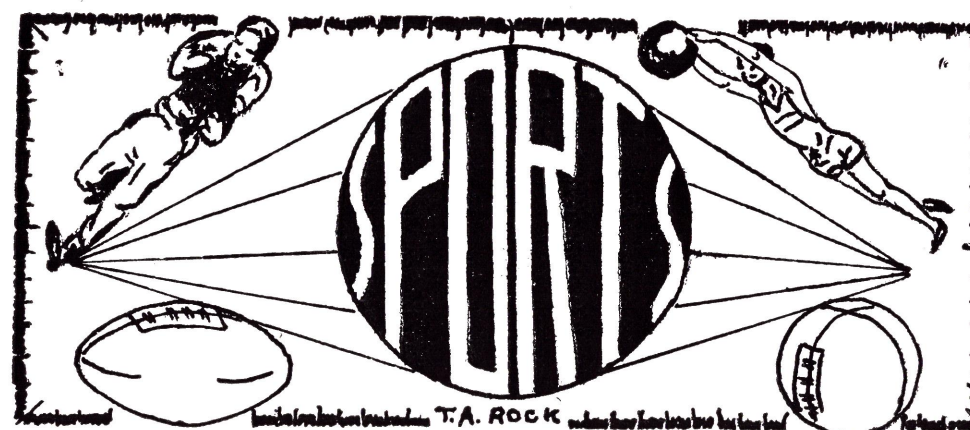
I think that you are just first rate!!

MR. L. MURPHY—(Regarding lockers) The students seem to feel they should not let the left-hand side know what the right side is doing.

MISS MILLET—The best ever!

MR. LEAHY—Most of them are all right!

MISS A. POWER—Well-mannered, but they talk too much!



P. H. S. 71—ST. JOE (N.A.) 22

By Chas. Steady

A game but hopelessly outclassed St. Joseph's team from North Adams met head-on with Pittsfield on January 19; and while the results ran true to all expectations, it would have been better if St. Joe "had stood in bed." The final score was 71 to 22.

The North Adams quintet led only once, 1-0, but that was for a very short time at the start. Then Ed McMahon tapped in a basket for Pittsfield's first score, and the game was settled right there. St. Joe never had a chance. At the end of the first quarter the score was 19-6.

About half-way through the second quarter, with the score 28-8, Coach Fox sent in the second team, none of whom scored until near the end of the period. Then they made 5 points to St. Joe's 2, and the score stood at 33-10. The two lone St. Joe points came from the foul line.

In the second half, the regulars returned and by snappy ball handling and excellent all-around play, they racked up 17 points, while St. Joe again only got two.

For the whole fourth period the second team played again, getting 21 points to St. Joe's 10. Ferdyn's hoop, with forty seconds left, put Pittsfield over the seventy mark with 71.

Quadrozzi was again the star player and high scorer with 14 points. McMahon played a smooth game, scoring 11 points, while Taylor ran up 10 points.

PITTSFIELD DRUBS DALTON

By Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High returned to winning ways Friday, January 14, at the Armory as they subdued a stubborn Dalton squad 51-25. The contest was not nearly as one-sided as the score seems, for the tally at the close of the third period was 29-23. Dalton led 9-6 at the end of the first quarter, but the Purple rallied and led 19-14 at the half. Pittsfield's trouble came, not only from a stiff zone defense, but from poor shooting and ball-handling, which was at times rather slipshod. Play was slow throughout the entire third stanza—the calm before the storm.

During the first five minutes of the final period Pittsfield scored no less than 20 points, 8 by Eddie McMahon, 7 by Bob Taylor and 6 by Capt. "Bobo" Quadrozzi. This sudden uprising broke the back of any further Dalton resistance. Ed McMahon took high scoring honors for the night with 17 points. Quadrozzi scored 14 and Taylor, who played a truly magnificent all-around game, dunked in 13. Don Zauche scored 16 of the visitor's points.

BENNINGTON UPENDS P. H. S.

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Bennington High, stressing ball-handling to the utmost, ousted Pittsfield from the ranks of the undefeated in Bennington, January 11.

The score was knotted at 27-27 with seconds left, when Captain Carleton LaBarge pumped in the deciding counter, and the Ver-

monsters were victorious 29-27. Coach Curley Williams's quintet was in front at the end of the third period 21-20. Prior to LaBarge's game-winning hoop, the lead changed hands three times in the final stanza.

Playing the entire game, LaBarge and his front court running mate Fran Corbett were the "big guns" in the Bennington attack, notching fourteen and twelve points respectively. Captain William "Bobo" Quadrozzi played his usual steady game for Pittsfield, picking up thirteen points on four field-goals and five charity tosses. A factor which contributed immensely to the Bennington cause was the beautiful defensive work of centers Farnam and Gage in guarding big Ed McMahon, who put in just four points. Bob Taylor had four points, while Don Morehead and Willie Rocca had three apiece to complete Pittsfield's scoring.

P. H. S. DOWNS WILLIAMSTOWN

By Charles Steady

Pittsfield's veteran basketball team, picked as one of the best teams in the Northern Berkshire League, kept on its winning ways January 7 by beating a tough Williamstown quintet—40-36.

Pittsfield was first to score, Quadrozzi throwing in a free try; but Williamstown immediately tied it up at 1-1 via the foul route. That was the only time during the game that they equalled the Foxmen in score. Before the visitors scored again in the first quarter, the snappy playing of Pittsfield had made the score 12-1. At the end of the first period, Pittsfield led 14-4, and it looked as if they had the game wrapped up.

During the rest of the game, except for a few minutes, the P.H.S. team slowed down, or else Williamstown speeded up their attack. At the half it was Pittsfield still in front, although their margin was cut to 23-18.

In the third quarter the home team scored more points (12-11) but did not out-play Williamstown, because the Redmen were rebounding much better.

Pittsfield's captain, Bo Quadrozzi, was high scorer for his team with 15 points, followed by Ed McMahon, who played a very alert floor game.

Williamstown employed a play similar to the reverse in football to try to foil Pittsfield's man-for-man defense. Sweet, the right forward was high for Williamstown with 12 points.

It was generally agreed that the Purple team should have played a bit better and really trounced Williamstown, but they won, and that's all that matters.

Victory was double for Pittsfield High that night. The J.V.'s polished off the Williamstown J.V.'s in the preliminary, 38-10.

P. H. S. TROUNCES ADAMS

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield opened its official 1949 basketball schedule with a rousing 46-28 victory over an unexperienced Adams High team. Facing a highly touted zone defense, the well drilled charges of Coach Art Fox made a shambles of the Adams protection.

P. H. S. got off to a rousing 11-1 start at the close of the first nine minutes, "Easy" Ed McMahon dunking in the first six markers. Eddie went on to gain high scoring honors for the night with 17 points, on six field goals and five free throws. Pittsfield eased up a bit in the second period, the scoreboard at half-time reading 20-10.

Play was exceedingly rough for the remainder of the game, the Adams quintet trying desperately to come out of their doldrums.

Pittsfield's scoring punch continued at a brisk pace for the rest of the contest. The "Purple" squad threw in a grand total of 17 points in the final period.

Captain "Bobo" Quadrozzi played a splendid game at left-forward. He scored thirteen points, four baskets and five free throws out of a possible seven.

Pittsfield's J.V.'s won by a lop-sided score of 34-21.



THE PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL RIFLE TEAM

Standing, left to right: John Getchell, Richard Gerlach, Bill Mahoney, Richard Gorey, Carl Lunde, Richard Lavigne, James Winnard, Mr. Massimiano, Instructor.
Kneeling, left to right: Martin Hebert, Charles Brownlee, Captain, and Robert Hogue.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL'S NEWEST TEAM—THE RIFLE TEAM

By Brownlee and Lunde

A new team with a record yet to establish, the Rifle Team, has begun its first full season of activities. Since early in the fall the team has been practicing diligently on the rifle ranges loaned them by the G. E. A. A. Rifle Club. As the team is chartered by the National Rifle Association, which is the regulating body of all the rifle teams and clubs all over the United States, it is eligible to compete in the National Junior Championships along with two thousand other rifle teams.

The interscholastic program of the team will consist of a number of shoulder to shoulder (on the spot) matches and postal (by mail) matches with other schools in this vicinity. At this time the team is firing in the N.R.A. National Postal Matches, and will fire in the

William Randolph Hearst Postal Rifle Matches for New England. The team will also fire in two or more tournaments such as are conducted by the Connecticut State Rifle and Revolver League in New Haven in the spring.

Unfortunately rifle shooting is a non-spectator sport, even more so than other school sports such as skiing, and bowling, so the great majority of the students of P. H. S. will never see the rifle team in action. However, the team members will be in there pitching to uphold the school's traditions of having winning teams, and at the same time will be enjoying themselves very much at a sport thought by some to be dull. Actually to the participants it can be highly exciting.



RIFLE CLUB DISPLAY—SCHOOL LOBBY

The team is particularly fortunate this year in having Bill Mahoney in its ranks. Bill comes from Upper Darby High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Last year the U.D.H.S. Rifle Team, of which he was a member, took second place in the National Junior Rifle Championships. Another promising member is Dick Lavigne, who recently won the N.R.A. sponsored club championship, but he just edged out team captain Charles Brownlee and Bill Mahoney in doing it. Besides these three, the first team consists of Jack Getchell, range officer; Carl Lunde, team and club secretary; and Martin Hebert, team and club treasurer. Also on the team are Robert Hogue, James Winnard, Richard Gorey, and Richard Gerlach.

The P. H. S. Rifle Team is participating in the William Randolph Hearst postal marksmanship competition being sponsored by the Boston Record American.

The scores of the three four-man teams

who fired on February 1 have been forwarded to the Boston newspaper. Results will not be known until targets from all over this district are tallied. Then, the fifteen highest teams will be invited to the shoot-off in Boston.

Highest scores of the day were made by the group coached by Edward A. Rubin. They had a total of 710 points. Charles Brownlee got 187, B. William Mahoney hit 185, also B. John Getchell shot 178 and Richard Lavigne scored 161.

The second team of Martin Hebert, Carl Lunde, Richard Gorey, and Robert Dyer, which is coached by Hamilton B. Hill, scored 634. The third team of Richard Gerlach, Donald Gilchrest, John Horgan, and James Winnard, under the coaching of Duane Groves, tallied 498.

The matches were fired off at the G.E.A.A. rifle range, under the supervision of Carmen C. Massimiano, team instructor.

Girls' Sports

PINSTERS

Almost any day after school now, Miss McNaughton's or Miss Morgan's voice can be heard saying, "Roll the ball down the ALLEY!" More girls have come out for bowling this year than ever before. Their strong enthusiasm is illustrated by the fact that at least seventy girls are signed up for every day that there is bowling. The girls look as if they are in for a good year. Several high scores were hit the first week. Although the scores didn't count, they were an inspiration for future weeks. The beginners have taken to bowling as a fish takes to water. However, the girls who have bowled before are not to be overlooked. Last year's winning team, "Pinboy's Delight," with a slightly changed line-up, is trying for high honors again this season. The players are Ella Dicenzo, Joan Eagan, Louise Elliot, Mary Aulise, and captain, Betty Bianchi. Because of the large number of girls who have signed up for bowling, the competition this year is at high pitch.

BASKETBALL

The most popular sport for girls has rolled around again. Yes, you're right, it's basketball,—girls' basketball that is! Because of the numerous participants in the game there will be a round robin tournament, which will last about a month. This gives every girl a chance to demonstrate her playing ability before the regular team is chosen. Norma Fitch and Ann Vaughn seem to be heading for the final team for the seniors. As for the juniors, Jo Anne Skowron and Sophie Deminoff, after a little more practice, will make good material.

Last but not least, we come to the sophomores who have a great many skilled players in their ranks, among them being Lillian Gaudette and Judy Meagher. With such outstanding seniors, juniors, and sophomores, Pittsfield High is looking forward to a record-setting girls' basketball season.

GIRLS' SWIMMING

"Ready! take your mark, get set, go!" Girls' swimming has begun for another season. There are many good prospects in diving as well as swimming. For the seniors Ann Vaughn and Nancy Knoblock will both be tops. Ann is really back to diving again after her last year's mishap. Of course the mermaid of Pittsfield High, Nancy Knoblock, will be out to defend her title and win honor for the Senior Class. The juniors have Ann Meagher and Theresa Malumphy as well as quite a few others to help them gain the championship for the second successive year. The sophomores have Barbara Sears and Beverly May, both excellent swimmers. With these and many other girls, the swimming class anticipates a successful season.

"SWING YOUR PARTNER"

The brisk, vigorous call of "swing your partner" that one hears while passing by the gym these days clearly tells what is going on within. Square dancing is the newest word in gym classes at the present time, and every girl is busy perfecting the lively steps. Any doubt that the girls are not enjoying themselves is dispelled by the screams of laughter which are heard throughout the day.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front row: Shirley Moore, Ilene Zajchowski, Vivian Traversa, (Capt.), Wilma Streeter, Irene Zajchowski.
Back row: Norma Carosso, Norma Fitch, Ann Vaughan, Marian Walsh, Phyllis Lisi, Clara Beraldi, Katherine Nicola.

TRIUMPHANT

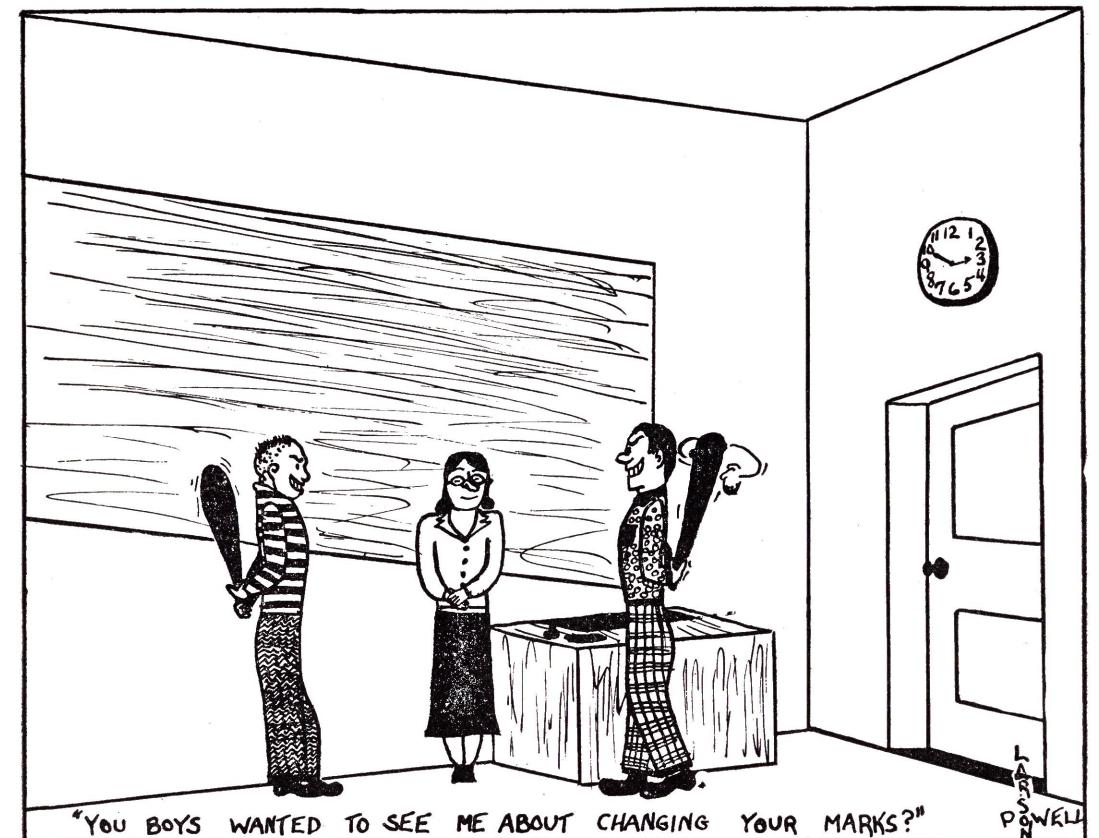
"Winners here; winners there; winners, winners everywhere!" The invincible senior girls, captained by Vivian Traversa, have added the volleyball championship to the ever increasing list of sports that they are tops in. The upperclassmen played their way to victory with such skill that the sophomores and juniors were a bit baffled, although their spirit was never lacking. The undergraduates displayed quick thinking and spirited motion, but the scores showed the seniors triumphant. The senior class has a right to be proud of its girls, who deserve a pat on the back for the wonderful performance they've been putting

on in sports. Our heartiest congratulations to a fine group of girls.

Phyllis Lisi, Catherine Mierzejewski, and Judy Meagher were outstanding for the senior, junior, and sophomore teams, respectively.

The scores were as follows:

Juniors	30	Juniors	41
Sophomores	24	Sophomores	28
Seniors	61	Seniors	42
Sophomores	21	Sophomores	28
Seniors	43	Seniors	36
Juniors	17	Juniors	20



HERE AND THERE

By Dolores Bernardo

"Radar" Farrell certainly keeps the telephone at the Y.M.C.A. busy! How come, "Radar"?

Mary Callanan says that there's only one reason why she goes to school and that reason is Mr. Conroy's chemistry class. Like the formulas, Mary?

Donald Smith is sure proud of his yellow sweater. Yes, Don, we all know who knitted it, too!

Why does Dan Fleming insist on wearing purple and yellow? Have friends at St. Joe, Dan?

Joyce Mosca is still thinking about how good Santa was to her. Can't say that I blame you, Joyce! Bet you can hardly wait for next Christmas!

"Ginny" Donald has a temper which is a perfect match for her red hair. That's O.K., "Ginny", we still love you just the same!

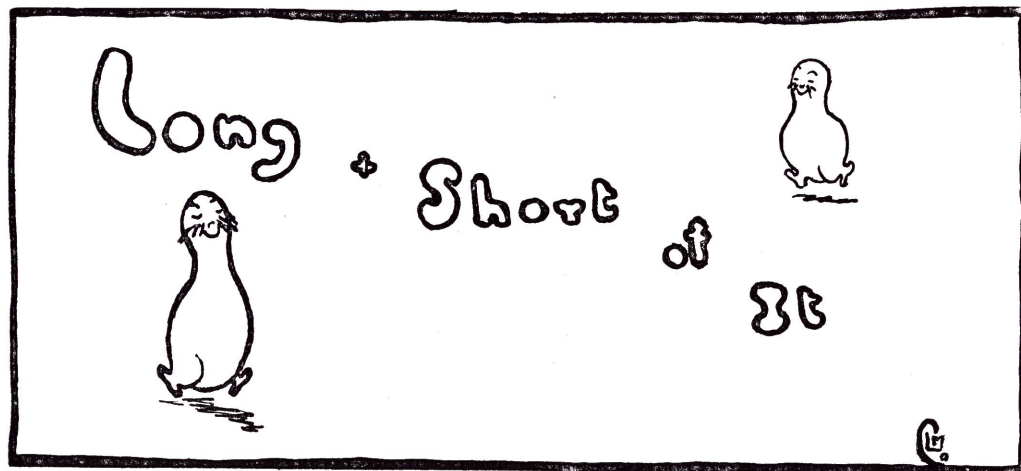
Never thought that there were so many studious seniors in P. H. S.! Our own school library, as well as the public library, has been simply crammed to the rafters with these scholars preparing their Maplewood essays. 997, 998, 999, 1,000! YIPPEE!

The Powers' models have nothing on Nancy Knoblock! Did you all see her picture in the paper with a twenty-five pound box of candy? Yum, yum.

I'll bet next time Mr. Hennessey will pay a boy to shovel his walk, won't you, Mr. Hennessey?

How are you coming with your skating lessons, JoAnne? Do you have a qualified instructor?

Barbara Hyde is Hollywood bound. Her performance in a play called "Neighbors", was very good! (At least Miss Kelley's second period English class thought so!)



Mr. Sheridan: Jones, I'm shocked. Do you know any more jokes like that?

Jones: I got a million of 'em.

Mr. Sheridan: Fine, stay after school tonight and tell them to me.

Mr. Conroy: Can you tell me anything about the chemists of the 18th century?

Mr. Malo: Sure, they're all dead.

Mr. Hennessey (to sophomore boy who is half an hour late for school): You should have been here at 8.45.

Soph: Why, what happened?

Father: Well, son, how are your marks?

J. Winnard: They're under water.

Father: What do you mean, under water?

Winnard: They're below C level.

Chuck L. (at Oasis): I'm finished with that girl.

Eddie W.: How come?

Chuck L.: She asked me if I dance.

Eddie W.: What's so insulting about that?

Chuck L.: I was dancing with her when she asked me.

Senior Girl (ecstatically): Where in the world did you learn to kiss like that?

Sophomore Boy: Syphoning gas.

Mr. Leahy: I can't ski too much any more. I'm approaching thirty.

Junior: From which direction?

Jim McGill was playing solitaire when Al Eastman entered the room. The following conversation took place.

Al: Hey, you're cheating.

Jim: Sssh! I've been doing it for years.

Al: Don't you ever catch yourself?

Jim: Nah, I'm too clever.

Mr. Lynch: Jones, you never do anything right. What's the matter with you?

Moose Jones: It's a long story, Mr. Lynch. When I was a sophomore, I had a placard on my bedroom wall with the motto:

THINK CONSTRUCTIVELY!

ACT DECISIVELY!

Well, I followed this advice, and success blessed me in all my ventures. And then (sob) . . . and then . . . it happened.

Mr. Lynch: Brace up, lad. What happened?

Moose: My mother tore up my motto.

Roger Bowlby opines: I don't like school 'cause it breaks up the day so.

Editor's Philosophy—A woman who is in a fog is seldom mist.

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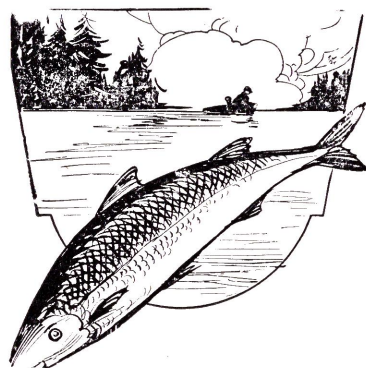
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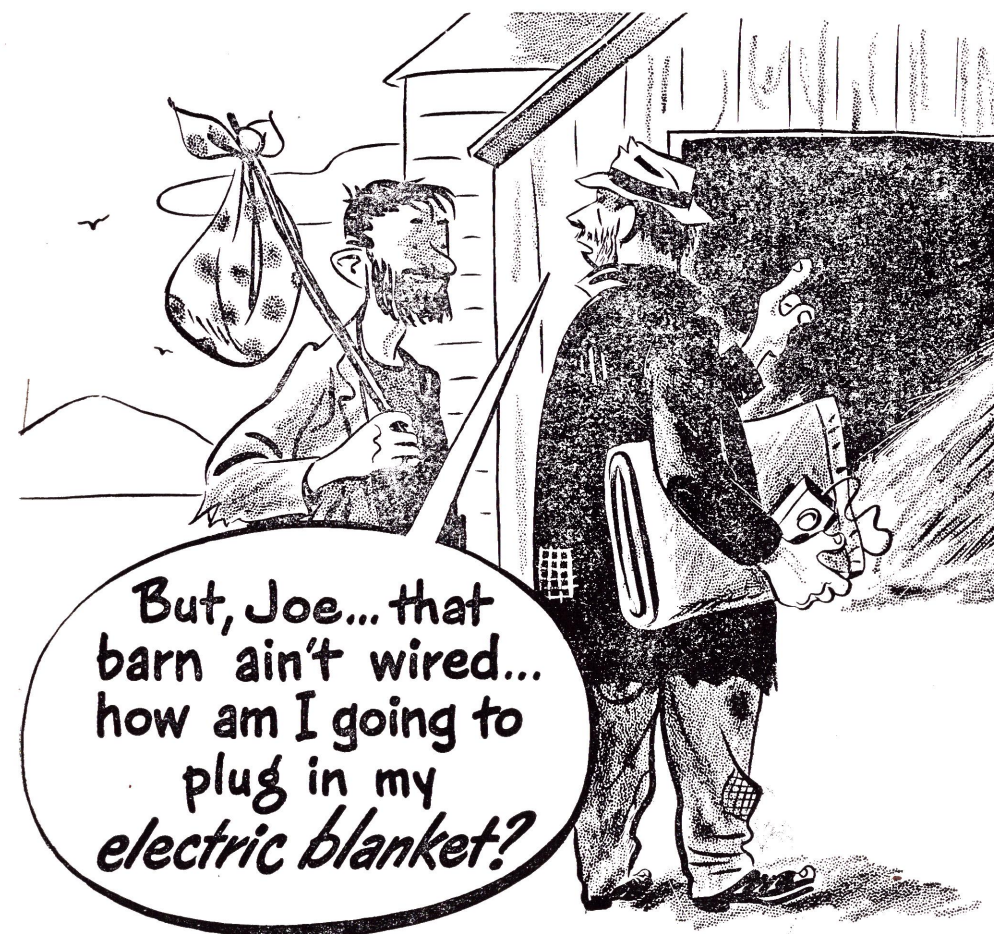
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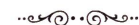
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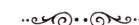


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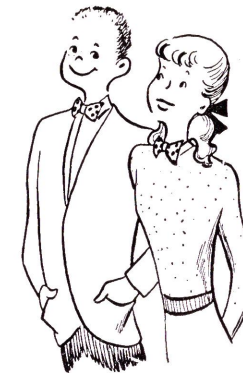


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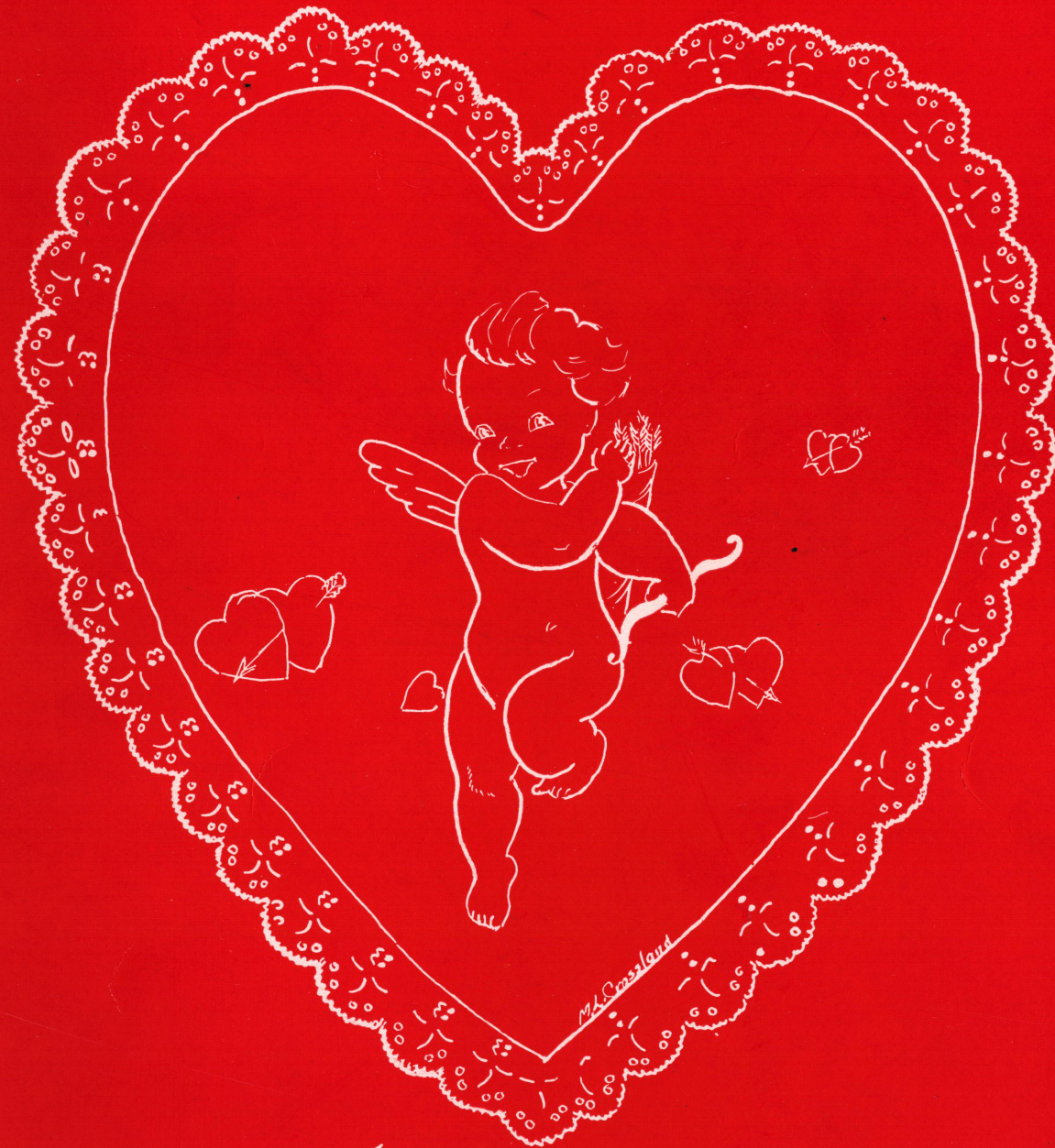
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